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VOL. 7. NO. 166.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, June 13,
1863.

GERRIT SMITH:

THE TRUE UNION STANDARD BEARER, WHO "WOULD NOT HAVE ONE STAR PASS FROM THE NATIONAL FLAG."

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.
J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 Bowery, cor. Broome Street, New-York,
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

TO THE

UNION AND LOYAL LEAGUES AND ASSOCIATIONS, AND LOYAL CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25th, 1863.

FELLOW CITIZENS: By direction of the Union League of Philadelphia, the undersigned have the honor to invite your attention to the following Resolutions, to wit: *Resolved*,

"1. That the League will celebrate the approaching Anniversary of American Independence by appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.

"2. That all the Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate in the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their respective bodies for that purpose.

"3. That it be recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their respective constituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect the organization of the friends of the American Union and Government throughout the United States.

"4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, communicating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal Citizens of the respective States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry them into effect."

For the first time in the history of our Country, the masses of the American people are now invited to commemorate the birth of the Union, at the place where it was born:

To reassert the great principles of the Declaration, that "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness:"

To acknowledge our obligations to mankind, to maintain those principles as our fathers did, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence:"

To declare the indivisibility of the American Union:

To declare the inflexible purpose of the American people, as God shall give them strength, to subdue the enemies of the Union, and reëstablish and perpetuate the National Authority, wherever it has been overthrown by treason or rebellion.

To declare to foreign nations, that while we desire peace with them, we shall hold them responsible for any encouragement they may give to the rebellion against the government of the United States.

To give to history an appropriate expression of our gratitude to the patriotic armies and navy of the Republic: and

To declare our determination to sustain the constituted authorities of the Government now and hereafter, in all measures adopted and prosecuted by them for the suppression of the rebellion without compromise with traitors, as the only means of securing an honorable and lasting peace.

The Committee are gratified to announce that the President of the United States has accepted an invitation to participate in the proceedings

Fellow Citizens of the United States, we call upon you to coöperate with us in this First National Celebration, and to adopt such measures as you may deem proper, to make it worthy of a great people who have inherited, and now possess and appreciate the blessings of liberty.

CHARLES GIBBONS, Chairman.

Henry C. Carey,	C. S. Smith,	James L. Claghorn,
Horace Binney, Jr.,	F. A. Comly,	Wm. Henry Rawle,
Frederick Fraley,	Alfred M. Jessup,	Evan Randolph,
Daniel Smith, Jr.,	Daniel Dougherty,	E. Spencer Miller,
Jos. Allison,	John W. Forney,	M. H. Messchert,
Benj. Gerhard,	Morton McMichael,	C. B. Needles,
Geo. H. Stuart,	J. I. Clark Hare,	S. C. Perkins,
T. B. Browne,	Wilson C. Swann, M. D.,	Craig D. Ritchie,
William Camac, M.D.,	J. Edgar Thomson,	W. S. Stewart,
S. M. Felton,	Wm. M. Ashburst,	J. Price Wetherill,
A. E. Borie,	Geo. H. Boker,	E. D. Whitney,
Wm. D. Lingman,	John B. Myers,	Geo. J. Weaver.
M. Carey Lea,	J. Gillingham Fell,	Chas. S. Watts, M.D.,
M. Hasehorne, M.D.,	F. J. Dreer,	Wm. Struthers,
Thos. Webster,	H. C. Howell,	G. M. Conarroe,
Otis Yarnall,	George Trott,	Saunder Lewis.
	And many others.	

General Committee of Arrangement.

GEORGE H. BOKER, Secretary.

Union League Headquarters.

AGENTS wanted in every City, Town and Regiment in the Union, to sell the NEW UNION LEAGUE PINS, together with all kinds of JEWELRY and MASONIC EMBLEMS. I will send as sample, on the receipt of either 25 or 50 cents and the U. L. Pins, together with my wholesale Circular, and on the receipt I will send either a FINE GOLD PEN and PENCIL, or MASONIC PIN RING, or a new style VEST CHAIN, or GUARD CHAIN, or NECK CHAIN, or set of NEW STYLE STUD-BUTTONS.

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208 Broadway, N. Y.

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☞ Returned Volunteers are specially invited to visit the Rooms.

VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

WAS RESUMED MAY FIRST, AND IS FOR SALE AT THE OLD PRICE OF

SIX CENTS PER COPY.

No advance of price, notwithstanding the still increased cost of materials, and no abatement in size.

VANITY FAIR, believing that it is the duty of the patriot to forego every other consideration for the time being, and to strike at the heart of this rebellion until it is thoroughly crushed, will lend its humble aid to sustain the Government in this necessary work, and at the same time pay attention to our enemies without, making the paper in every particular THOROUGHLY NATIONAL.

Back Numbers and Bound Volumes of Vanity Fair furnished direct, or through Agents. Remember, this is the only Original, Humorous, and Satirical Illustrated Paper published in America; every article and every illustration being prepared expressly for it.

Conducted by men who are familiar with the political history of the country who know what the public wants, it is not to be wondered at that the political, illustrations of VANITY FAIR have surpassed all of our contemporaries in design, effect, and sarcastic humor. Our Engravings can be found nowhere else. In every respect they are strictly original, not transfers from PUNCH or other foreign papers, nor reproductions for the tenth time from old blocks, made to do duty under new titles, or, when original, engraved by unskilful, cheap workmen, but every one is the creation of a superior artist for the special number in which it appears, engraved by first-class artists, AND IS NEVER USED THE SECOND TIME ON THE PAPER.

The paper will be published every Saturday, and will be for sale everywhere one week preceding its date, at SIX CENTS per copy, but those who wish to sustain it will do so more thoroughly by subscribing, and remitting us THREE DOLLARS, for which the paper will be sent one year, post-paid.

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LOUIS H. STEPHENS,

Publisher for Proprietors, 116 Nassau Street, New-York.

Published for the Proprietors, by Louis H. Stephens, at 116 Nassau Street, N. Y.

LEMON AID FOR THE ARMY.

THERE is a new field of benevolence now open for the ladies to walk into, nor is the lane leading to it so narrow that they need object to taking it through fear of crushing their crinolines. From the army hospitals at Washington, and in Virginia, thousands of parched lips are eagerly reiterating the request, "a little more lemon, if you please." Lemons do not grow upon every tree in Maryland and Virginia, however. There is a limit to the lemonage of those latitudes, let us remark, and it is from the large cities, chiefly, such as New-York, that the thirsty invalid looks for breezes, (and express packages,) laden with the aroma (and actual pulp and peel) of those healthfully acidulated fruits, the lemon and the orange.

Now then, ladies, here is a new and graceful branch offered to the grasp of your neat and nimble fingers: a branch bearing much fruit of the sweetly acidulous kind already referred to. Let those among you who have the prettiest ankles (don't all jump up at once, now!) climb the lemon tree and shake down the life-preserving fruit into the outspread aprons of the ministering angels beneath. To the latter we will say, should a lemon, by some happy accident, find its way to the well-turned region over your heart, take it thence, kiss it, and put it carefully away into a large case—say twelve feet by six, and four deep—labelled, "Kissed lemons for the thirstiest of the brave." These will be reserved by the hospital attendants as a *bonne-bouche* for the most debilitated of the fever-stricken patients. Fruit treated in this way cannot be imitated by unprincipled adventurers, and is very refreshing. Oranges take the treatment very kindly, (small thanks to them for that!) agitate the orange branch, then, ladies dear, as well as the lemon; there is a romance attached to that aromatic vegetable on account of the matrimonial agency in which its early blossoms are employed, and the visions of a wounded warrior will be all the brighter for the touch of one.

And if so be you ask us where do grow and blow these fruit-trees fair, (excuse the inadvertent rhyme, O lovely doves! for a moment the subject has got the better of us,) if, we would say, you inquire of us the whereabouts of these blessed productions in New-York and the other large cities, allow us to refer you, respectfully, to the pages of the city directories. From these you will gather the business addresses of the majestic fruiterers, and from those merchant princes, as from the fragrant trees, you will gather the indispensable fruit. It is the nature of some of these trees to drop their golden fruit spontaneously into the aprons outstretched for its reception. Others require a good deal of climbing and shaking to bring down their benevolence. Go in for the lemons anyhow, ladies, and the oranges; you can get them, if nobody else can, and that even if they have to be "shaken before taken."

Something for the "Times."

THE New-York *Daily Times* keeps up a continual crow over all the other journals, now, about the Belgian paper upon which it is printed, and its independence of the native manufactures. We are delighted to see the *D. T.* coming out on clean paper; but if it *must* go on, in this way, bragging of being so Belgian and independent, why doesn't it assume the name of a well known Brussels' paper, at once, and call itself the *Independance Belge?*

Catacoustics.

ALL Nature is full of eloquence, this morning," remarked VALENTINE, sentimental over two mutton chops and a pint of chocolate. "The very cat, yonder, has a visible speech in the rhetorical flourish of her tail."

"I don't see her speech," said ORSON, drily, "but I hear her Purr Oration, though."

Our Definitions.

WE read, very often, in the war-columns of the newspapers, the headings—"Situation of the Right," and "Situation of the Left."

Without going into the military meanings to be attached to these words, we will just record that, our idea of the "Situation of the Right" is the position taken by GERRIT SMITH with regard to fighting for the Right at all hazards; while we think that the "Situation of the Left" will be well illustrated by that in which the leaders of the Copperhead faction will find themselves, when they come to be "Left out in the cold."

Glass, Duty Free.

ACCORDING to the newspapers, "two deserters from the British army in Canada, recently reached Sackett's Harbor packed in a box directed to a glass company, and labelled 'with care.'"

We can only account for the fact of these men being forwarded as glass ware, by assuming that they have once been Tumblers in a Circus.

A VERY SINGULAR CASE.

OFTEN as we hear the question mooted, as to whether President LINCOLN should not take the command of the army, himself, in person, it is strange that the Tycoon of Japan should be the first to suggest that Mr. LINCOLN ought to be fitted out as a metal-plated man-of-war. The Tycoon has done more than suggest this: that great potentate has himself undertaken the task of plating the President, as the reader will see by the following paragraph:

"The Tycoon sent to President LINCOLN a present worthy of notice. An umbrella-like helmet, of sheets of steel and copper, shields the head, while a vandyke of interwoven silk cord and lacquered net-work falls gracefully upon the shoulders. The outside is profusely ornamented with chrysanthemums of gold, in beautiful open-work, upon black lacquer with a trimming of purest silver. The visor is of copper, lacquered in scarlet and brown. The armlets are of the finest copper chain-work. The breastplate is of copper, intersected with parallel stripes of lacquer, and woven with delicate wire and golden cord. A sort of kilt accompanies the armor, and, with lacquered leggins grotesquely formed, completes the suit."

"Know all men by these Presents," that tilting at our President is no longer a pastime to be recklessly indulged in. What with copper, and steel, and chrysanthemums, and lacquer, and visor, and kilt, not to mention the vandyke, the Chief Magistrate of this Republic is now converted into a fortress impregnable to all attacks—invulnerable, even, by the tooth of the insinuating Copperhead. Like is the best opponent of like; and, with a fine perception of this principle, the sagacious old 'Coon of Japan, in presenting our President with a head-piece partly constructed of copper, has provided him with the best defence against his enemies whose heads are popularly supposed to be blocked out of that metal. Now that Mr. LINCOLN has been thus Japanned, it is to be hoped that the foreign "specials" who come over here to poke up our affairs will no longer accuse him of want of polish.

The Rival Generals.

THE Venezuelan war, we are told, is at last happily ended. "General PAEZ," says one of the papers, "has voluntarily resigned, and peace is now practically established."

Well, it's only a little difference of spelling, after all, and the thing ought to have been settled long ago. General PAEZ resigns, and General *Paix* reigns in his stead.

"One or More."

A WRITER in the Boston *Transcript* says that, "Almost every European court, until the time of Charles the First, maintained one or more fools."

Perfectly true, excellent writer in the *Transcript*, and you may bet your life that every European court *since* the time of Charles the First has also "maintained one or more fools."

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Now that this truly remarkable man—or, as we may say, Personage—is somewhat dead, we are at liberty to record many exhilarating facts concerning his life, love, career, temperament and defunction, that have hitherto been kept "*reticent*," from motives of "*strategy*."

The two words above italicised have heretofore been considered the exclusive property of the Copperhead Generals. Now, however, when their

"....reign is almost over,"

we may be allowed to use their gleeful nomenclature at our own sweet will.

Our record of Stonewall JACKSON can be best given in the form of anecdotes. If Messrs. PERCY should ever issue another volume, we commend their attention to the following:

ANECDOTE I.

Stonewall JACKSON was chiefly remarkable for his great temperance in all things. The Daily *Times* says so; and it is so. He neither drank, smoked, chewed, ate, slept, nor bathed. He prayed and fought, however, to excess.

Considering that he is dead, he was not so bad as the live Rebels. He was frequently known to cry in his sleep, and to fire off muskets when awake. That he was earnest, dubious, incompatible and eventful, is well known. He lived in the South, and we hope he has gone to a better land.

II.

Stonewall JACKSON had every reason for being a Union man, save that he was a Rebel. We must remember, in considering this statement, the Latin motto: "*De mortuis nil desperandum.*" The way in which he won the battle of Murfreesboro' is highly emblematical of this fact.

The enemy advanced with its rear wing in front, and made a deployed charge on the foe from the left flank. This threw them into confusion, and the line wavered before the deadly repulse, till the foe took courage and darted like a thunderbolt upon their shattered ranks. The centre rallied, but in vain, and the enemy poured a leaden hail into the fugitive columns, that destroyed their first line of battle, and all seemed lost. Not so, however, every gap in both squadrons was filled by another man, and the enemy met the foe in a fatal embrace. It was as if the Anaconda had got to work.

At this truly critical juncture, Stonewall JACKSON appeared in the rear, with the dress, pay, and emoluments of a sergeant-major of cavalry. The broad pennant was in his hand, and on his manly tongue were the sweet accents of his native idiom.

"Charge, CHESTER, charge! On, STANLEY, on!" he cried, and instantly fell, one mass of gaping wounds.

The left fell back, the centre became the right, the enemy quailed, the foe fled, the artillery was silenced, and a squadron of mounted chaplains bore the bloody hero from the field, crying. "Would that night or BLUCHER would come!"

Thus ended one of the most memorable battles of American history.

This is a pretty good anecdote.

III.

Stonewall JACKSON probably merited the name of a "truly remarkable man." In love, he was brave; in war, courteous; in business, prudent; and many of his colleagues, still living, have occasion to recall, with manly tears, the sympathetic symptoms that he sometimes developed. In no movement of battle was he ever Behind; yet he was all stern. His treatment of the Rebel general, VAN DORN, whom he took prisoner at Cross Keys, evinces this singular trait of his noble character.

VAN DORN, as his name implies, was an Irishman. When taken, he remarked:

"Shure, yer honor, wat'ell yez do widh me?"

"Whatever you like, my brave foeman!" chivalrously shouted the sybaritic Antinous of the S. C. A.

"Shure, most anything," said VAN DORN, "will shuit me."

"Shoot him, then," said Stonewall JACKSON!

The next anecdote is better.

IV.

Stonewall JACKSON was once in the Rebel Army. In a battle he was shot. At that time he was a great reader of the Scriptures. When he lay on his death-bed, four Rebel chaplains were praying about his rude couch.

"This bed," said one, "is the throne of a saint."

"You remind me of the sixth verse, fourth chapter, of Revelations," said JACKSON.

One who was curious enough to look up the text, found these words:

"....and round about the throne were four beasts."

Those who know what the Rebel chaplains are, will easily appreciate the satire of this dying remark.

V.

The following anecdote is undoubtedly reliable.

Stonewall JACKSON, at the time of his death, was engaged to be married to a young lady, a daughter of FERNANDO WOOD and one of JNO. VAN BUREN'S "wayward sisters." He was known, however, to be a Gay Lotharian in his religious belief, so his advances were not well received. Still, the sympathies of both gentlemen were undoubtedly with him. But the maiden proved coy, and said:

"Let Us Alone."

He bore his Cross meekly, like a hot-bun for Good Friday, but also like that—it cut him deeply.

He joined the army.

From that time forward, his career was one of splendid prodigality and gorgeous profligacy. Robed in sumptuous butternut and habited like the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley, he pranced proudly at the head of his hired minions, the cynosure of all eyes. None loved him save to know him; none praised him save by name.

But the course of true love never did run smooth. The fair and fragile maiden faded away with an almost imperceptible and lingering apoplexy. Stonewall saw her expire, and called two of his trustiest grenadiers.

"Shoot me in the back," said he.

They shot him in the back, and thus he perished.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT?

RESPECTED VANITY: Knowing, as I do, that you wield more influence, and command a greater amount of respect than any other journal in this sinful world—or out of it—I necessarily make you the vehicle in which to convey my troubles to the high places I would have them reach.

Perhaps you are aware that during the last Congress a bill was passed yclept the Conscription act? You may have read something about it in the papers. Although I have the perusal of but some hundred different sheets per week, yet I distinctly remember noticing an allusion to it in one of them. In case you recollect said act you have not forgotten the $300 clause which it contained. Of course you have not. And yet Secretary STANTON presumes to ignore that clause! "That's what ails me."

Now be it known that immediately after the passage of the beforementioned Act, I, the writer hereof, commenced to retrench.—curtail my expenses—for the sole purpose of raising the sum of three hundred dollars to pay the fine the bill exacts, in case I should be drafted. Up to the present date, I have laid aside for that object the snug little sum of two dollars and thirteen cents, ($2.13,) leaving a balance only of two hundred and ninety-seven dollars and eighty-seven cents, ($297.87,) to save.

Now, VANITY, I want you to put your editorial foot—in fact, both feet, if you have that number—down on this new outrage about being inflicted upon the people of the "best Government the world ever saw"—if you will allow me to quote the political orators of the day—and the political articles, also.

But here's the rub, Mr. VANITY. If Mr. Stanton ignores the $300 clause, and the President endorses him, *what shall I do with my two dollars and thirteen cents?*

Yours, despairingly, B. DADD.

P.S.—Eureka! Eureka! It's all right, Mr. VANITY! I'll take the two dollars and thirteen cents and subscribe for VANITY FAIR.

B. D.

Police Report.

AT one of the upper police courts, on Wednesday last, a letter-carrier connected with the Post Office was brought before the sitting magistrate, on a charge of intoxication and obstructing the sidewalk by a transverse distribution of his anatomy upon it.

The man of letters, on being asked what he had to say for himself stated that if he was Corned on the occasion referred to, it was owing to the arrival of the Salt Lake mail, from the delivery of which he was yet suffering. This was considered sufficient by the magistrate, who dismissed him with a reprimand; but the poor fellow, whose name is PETER, did not get off so well with the officers of the Postal Department, who got wind of the affair, and have called him Salt Peter ever since.

CONWAY.

CONWAY, of Kansas, is a person of peculiar views—views that have been very plainly laid down by him in his letter lately addressed to the editor of the *Tribune*. In order that our readers may keep tangibly before them some of the peculiar views of CONWAY, let us here reproduce the following portion of his letter referred to:

"As to the Union, I would not give a cent for it unless it stood a guarantee for freedom to every man, woman and child within its entire jurisdiction. I consider the idea that everything must be sacrificed to the Union as utterly preposterous. What was the Union made for? That we should sacrifice ourselves to it? I, for one, would beg to be excused. *As things stand, I would sacrifice the Union to freedom any morning before breakfast.* Very truly yours

M. F. CONWAY.

We have no personal knowledge of CONWAY: it would not suit our sensitive disposition to have any personal knowledge of CONWAY; but from the expression "any morning before breakfast," in the above extract, we feel ourselves safe to bet a new Panama hat that CONWAY "liquors." Also, that he liquors the first thing in the morning; has a tray of cock-tails deposited within easy reach of his couch, and is known in his native hamlet as the "Early Village Cock-tail." It is evident that no man not either an openly recognized lunatic or addicted to the matutinal carouse, could have given utterance to the words italicised by us in the quoted paragraph. If CONWAY is ready to sacrifice his country for a mess of black pottage before breakfast, it is unpleasant to brood over the idea of what CONWAY's peculiarities might induce him to do after dinner. We should be sorry to meet CONWAY "any morning before breakfast." CONWAY would be a bore to us at noon; and as for putting in an evening with CONWAY, some idea may be formed of how drivelling a person he must be, when even the editor of the *Tribune* will not back him up on the principle of "Abolition first—the rest no where."

OUGHT TO "WASH."—Messrs. SPEKE and GRANT's discovery of the Basin of the Nile.

Auricular.

Q. WHY ought a deaf man to benefit by a spree?

A. Because he may be arrested by the police, and "locked up for a hearing."

The Plagues of Egypt.

A RECENT traveller in Egypt, writing to an English journal, complains that the Pyramids are very much the worse of tourists, and "look dirty to a degree."

We can easily imagine that the Pyramids, poor things! are very much the worse of tourists, but why they should look dirty we can hardly understand, considering that they are painted by perambulating artists, at least ten times a year.

A "FAIR FOR OUR BENEFIT."—Every pretty girl we meet.

Cave!

IT is stated that the sick in the city of Vicksburgh are dwelling in caves, to protect themselves from the Federal fire.

By and by we may expect to hear that all Vicksburgh has Caved, for the same reason.

Examination in Natural History.

Q. WHY does the Fish-Hawk build its nest in a tree?

A. Because it can always find a Perch there.

NEWS FOR COPPER-HEADS.—"Gun caps are said to be scarce at Vicksburgh."

CONWAY'S COMPLAINT.

[*See Marcus F. Conway's Letter to the Tribune.*]

There!
Old GERRIT SMITH's been going over, too!
I declare!
I've never felt so blue!
Before these Unconditional men get through
Our party will be ruined everywhere!—
Boo-Hoo!

Too bad!—too bad!
The only chance our great Idea had—
The only time, I mean,
For rooting out all others, slick and clean—
Was when folks didn't know
We couldn't feel their patriotic glow!—
If we had only rushed things!—Hang that *if!*—
If we'd but gone in stiff
For Dissolution
And burning up our sneaking Constitution
Two years ago,
And got good Ministers and Generals
(Selected from our very hopeful show
Of Abolition gals)
There wouldn't be one Slave to bless our hearts;
And we should now possess those foreign parts,
THE Rebel States, as Subject Provinces.

We didn't do it, though.
We went and fought, as poor old GERRIT says,
To save the Union—not to let it go.
To stop the revolution,
To save the Constitution,
And treat the Southerners like decent men.
What then?
Why, now the general cry is, *Save the Union—*
No matter whether Slavery falls or not!
What! once more seek communion
With such a heathen set?—I'd rather be shot!

I'll tell you what!
I wouldn't give one cent to settle matters—
Except it's done my way.
I'd rather see the Union Flag in tatters—
Rather run round in sackcloth rolled in ashes—
Yes, and get lots of lashes,
On Independence Day—
Than see SMITH's plan prevail.—M. F. CONWAY.

(PRIVATE REFLECTION.)

Let's thank our stars we've got a hobby still!
What should we do, were Slavery wiped away?
People would say,—
Now we expect you'll turn in with a will
And do some good close by.
Oh, fie!

Something in a name, at last.

CONSIDERING the flight of *canards* that are continually migrating to these shores from Mexico, could anything be more appropriate than the name of the ship which brought us the latest report about Puebla having been shelled in by the French?

The name of the ship referred to is the *Shelldrake*.

OUR LOYAL WOMEN.

Jones.—"DON'T WORK YOURSELF INTO A PASSION, MY DEAR: I GIVE IN: ANYTHING FOR PEACE."

Mrs. Jones.—"ANYTHING FOR PEACE, JONES?—BROACH SUCH A SENTIMENT AS THAT AGAIN, AND OUR UNION IS DISSOLVED FOREVER!"

Soliloquy.

BY ONE OF THE MASS CONVENTION OF PEACE-MAKERS.

AMO a mass,
I've lived, alas!
To think our hopes are slender,
A mass I'm at,
And one, at that,
New troubles to engender.

The Owl Train.

IN his speech at the Cooper Institute—or Copper Destitute—on Wednesday evening last, Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN stated that "he stood there to-night to defend that much-abused animal—the donkey."

This reminds us that G. F. T., in one of his speeches last winter, informed his audience that he was somewhat of an adept in the art of self-defence.

Cheerful from the Army.

As a proof that GRANT's army is very well off for provisions, we will state the amusing little fact that our special artist in that quarter has just forwarded to us, wrapped up in a newspaper, seven days' rations drawn by him on 27th May, in mistake for a sketch of General PEMBERTON drawn by him the day before.

Broiled Dolphin.

THE latest from Key West is that the British prize steamer *Dolphin*, which had just been condemned, had a "large quantity of Enfield rifles and sabres on board, in packages marked 'hardware,' and concealed under the coals."

All we have to remark about this is, that it was about time for the *Dolphin* to be hauled Over the coals.

V. F. TO GERRIT SMITH.

[*Vide his Speech before the Union League Convention.*]

GERRIT, old boy, your hand,
We *knew* you'd take that stand!
We've had our eye on you for several years;
A rare bird on the stump
Is an Abolition *trump*;
We've met confounded few these latter years.

Give us another grip!
'Twas *you* w[illegible]o said, *Let's whip*
The Rebels, wheth[illegible]r Slavery stand or fall!
While everybody knows
That in your bosom glows
One red-hot wish—to push it to the wall!

Ah! *that's* the way to feel!
GERRIT, y[illegible]'re true as steel!
We knew you [illegible]ould be, for you've got a *heart!*
You're not a [illegible]ead and tongue
Like some y[illegible]u go among,
Who mouth, and [illegible] your true and natural part.

How you [illegible]pity such!
Perhaps [illegible]get as much
As [illegible]hey desp[illegible]your grand simplicity!
Half sold to such a clan,
'Tis *much*, to be a man
And say, *I followed you—now follow me!*

Well do[illegible], old GERRIT brave!
'Tis suc[illegible]as *you*, who save
A co[illegible]ntry, s[illegible]ggling for its light and life!

You have your darling schemes—
Your good and generous dreams;
But Duty is the star that guides your strife.

Your hand again, old boy!
We feel a patriot's joy
In grasping such a sternly-honest palm!
When we are free once more,
And all our toils are o'er,
We know whose voice shall thrill us in the psalm!

The "Wrong side of the Paper."

THINGS are so mixed, now, that nothing may almost pass for anything.

For, instance, we are acquainted with an exceedingly estimable reporter on a paper in the peace interests, who, under the influence of drink and drowsiness, jotted down a too candid report of a good Union man's speech.

"Why, what's all this?" asked the stern night-editor, as he looked over the proof—"this is all wrong."

"P'raps so," replied the imperturbable, if slightly intoxicated reporter—"wroteonwrongsidepaperiguess—penslipped!"

Protean Servitude.

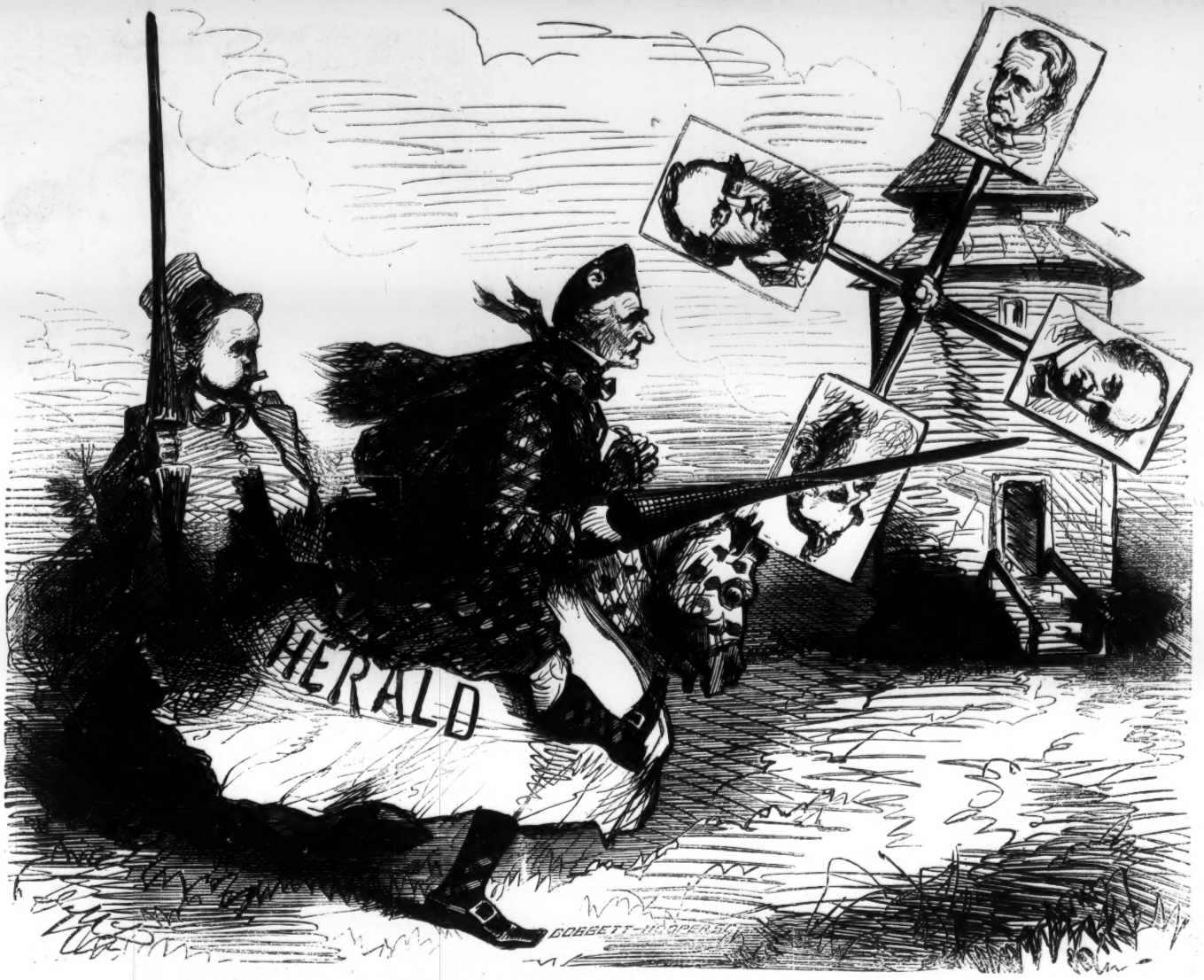
RUSTICUS, giving a *fête champêtre*, arrayed some of his farm-hands in white jackets, and set them at table-duty.

"Ah," said X., pathetically, "your servants well obey the poetic injunction of the bard."

"As how?" asked RUSTICUS.

"Why," said the indefatigable, "they 'learn to labor, and to wait!'"

VANITY FAIR.



THE KNIGHTS ERRANT OF THE PRESS:

TILTING AWAY AT THE MINISTERIAL WINDMILL.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM McARONE.

{ DEPARTMENT OF THE N. NE. BY N.
{ May 35th.

DEAR VANITY.—In my last communication to you, occurred these words:

"Vicksburgh is taken."

So it is. It was taken by the Rebels under Gen. HARDEE, I believe, about a year and a half since.

Accuse me, if you will, of sending you old information; but NEVER question the truthfulness of a McARONE!

I see by the public prints that my old compatriot and brother in arms, J. GARIBALDI, is losing his faculties. He lately sent his portrait and autograph to a lady who wrote him some verses. This would not be strange, were it not that the verses begin—I quote from a *Herald* correspondent—thus:

"GARIBALDI imprisoned! And yet the hills
Are as free as they were at morn;
And a mountain soul in fetters—God!
The Alps grow pale with scorn!

"They think of the gleam of the first sunbeam,
When the wakening world was young;
When the little hills lay down to dream,
And the stars of the morning sung.

"And of how, at the sound of the freedom song,
They rose up into space,
And stood by the side of the starry throng,
And looked God in the face."

That JOE should acknowledge thus courteously the reception of a tribute, is so unlikely as to convince me of his mental deterioration.

The saddest sight that time can show, is a noble mind in ruins. I refer to the Editor-in-chief of the *Evening Express* as a striking example.

I have been detailed to command a body-guard for the escort of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM to the Dry Tortugas, Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren, the Old Capitol Prison, Dixie's Land, and elsewhere.

While passing through Tuckerton, N. J., on our way to the dryest of the Tortugas, one of the officers of the escort was knocked from his horse by a large bouquet, thrown from an upper window by a diaphanous and pearly hand.

The nosegay bore a billet directed to our martyred prisoner, and the billet contained these lines:

"VALLANDIGHAM imprisoned! And yet the HILLS*
Are as free as they were when born;
While a noble soul† writes letters odd,
Till the Rebels grow pale with scorn.

"They think of the stream‡ first traversed by steam
When the iron-clad navy was young;
When the LEES and HILLS lay down to dream,
And the Stars§ of the theatre sung.

"And of how, at the sound of Rebellion's gong,
They covered the Southern space,
And lessened the stripes and the starry throng,
And learned to right about face."

On arriving at Shark River, I permitted my noble convict to stop long enough to have his portrait executed on a board fence by a skilful whitewasher. Mr. V. then added his autograph in red chalk, and the whole was sent back to Tuckerton, to the fair authoress who had shown so much military ability in Throwing out her Lines.

Immediately after, we went to the Dry Tortugas, where Mr. VALLANDIGHAM will undoubtedly stay as long as the indefatigable journalists will let him. I am told that, although very unpopular in his own district, in Ohio, there are certainly several bootmakers, tailors, and other tradesmen out there, who would be glad to see him.

The siege of Vicksburgh progresses excellently well.

It is the combined opinion of the opposing armies, that the place can, and can not, be taken.

I agree with them.

And when Vicksburgh falls, all will be plain sailing.

At the present moment, in fact, there are but two obstructions to the free navigation of the Mississippi River.

One of these is the Confederate Army, the other is the Federal.

. . . The saddest defeat I have heard of, lately, was the defeat of PATCHEN by BUTLER. I always went in for PATCHEN, as does everybody else who has seen the brilliant array of his colts that illuminates Uncle JOE STILLWELL'S stables, in Freehold.

I know something about it, too. I own a horse, myself, that can trot in 2.29½ to a hearse.

I consider PATCHEN'S defeat more damaging, really, than HOOKER'S.

But neither of them are whipped, yet. *Resurgant!*

(This may not be strictly considered as war-news, but it is just as interesting, and not so uncertain.)

In my next letter, I will let you know all the particulars of everything.

Do you think I could manage to raise a brigade of Strong-minded Female Persons, in New-York? I want to frighten the Rebels somehow. . . .

And which would make the most eligible brigadiere for the corps, Mrs. GRIMKE WELD, or SUSAN B. ANTHONY?

Inform me upon these points, please, and send me some money.

I shall then remain as ever, Yours,

McARONE.

* The Rebel Generals of that name.
† McARONE.
‡ James River.
§ The Cocktail Guard, of N. O.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

No. VII.

AIR—*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*

I'LL sing you a song of doctrine,
Made by a tough old pate,
Of a fine American Copperhead
Whose cheek was his estate;
Who kept his hiss-pipes going
At a pretty high old rate,
With numerous other reptile friends
All hissing at the State:
Like an independent Copperhead
All of the present time.

His walls so fair were hung around
(As everybody knows)
With portraits of Columbia's sons
Who sided with her foes—
Because they *would* have liberty
To utter what they chose,
And *not* because they had a mind
To deal her any blows:
Like a fine old fruity Copperhead
All of the present time.

When Winter's blast brought cold distrust,
He gave his mind to all,
And, though vague terrors bade him stop,
He never ceased to bawl;
And several little shivering snakes
He took at every haul—
For, while he bullied all the great,
He flattered all the small:
Like a politic old Copperhead
All of the present time.

But time keeps moving on, you know,
And months shoot glibly by,
And May's sweet, soft tornadoes said
This Copperhead must fly!
He tortled, then, right tranquilly—
Gave up without a sigh;
And things looked pretty quiet, then,
And tears bedewed each eye:
For this abducted Copperhead
All of the present time.

Now ain't this better far, my friends,
Than all your fine parade
Of loyalty and honesty
And Union masquerade?
Besides, it's economical,
For all his bills are paid.
Then quit your prate of loyalty,
And take up with the trade
Of a tough and rough old Copperhead
All of the present time.

ADVICE TO TOM TIDLER.

YOUNG men who have gone into a feeble state of health, in order to escape the conscription, are said to be already flocking in disorganized squads to the fashionable watering-places. The wave-wallopped shore of Long Branch will soon be alive with these interesting invalids. Sharon will have its share of them; they will haunt Nahant; and even modest little-little Coney Island may come in for the company of a few stragglers of the non-combatant persuasion.

Precious as life is to these young hailers of Columbia, they must be very careful not to expose themselves, recklessly, to the dangers that await sojourners by the sea-shore. It is true that the "shells of ocean" are harmless things compared with those proceeding from a ten-inch mortar. The sword-fish is not in the habit of walking up from his native element to the green-sward, and there challenging the guests of the horse-marine boarding-house to have a bout with him, one down and another come on. The only balls to be encountered at the horse-marine boarding-house are those of the billiard-table and those arranged for the exercise of the light, and frequently fantastic toe; and many other little items might be adduced, if necessary, to prove the superiority of the watering-place, in a sanitary and life-insurance point of view, to the tented, not to speak of the battle-field.

But, as we have said, the watering-place has its dangers, and our gay young invalid, to whom the Rappahannock is forbidden by the obliging family physician, will do well to adhere, more or less, to the following hints for the preservation of his valuable corpus to society. Let us assume that we are addressing one whose name is THOMAS TIDLER.

If you observe that, shortly after leaving the water, MR. TIDLER, a saline crystallization forms upon your cuticle, you should lose no time in correcting the possible effects of it by drinking six or seven whiskey cock-tails as fast as you can get them mixed and down.

Should no crystallization form upon your cuticle, so much the worse for that valuable membrane. Something must be wrong with it, and you must drink the cock-tails anyhow.

In bathing, be careful not to venture into water over a foot deep, MR. TIDLER. By lying flat in this, and struggling manfully with the sea-weed, you will convey to the distant lady bathers the idea that you are an athletic swimmer, Mr. TIDLER, going somewhere at the rate of ever so many knots an hour. You will also avoid the sharks; and it would be insulting to remark to you that remaining under water for a day or two, in the stomach of a shark, would not be conducive to your digestion, however much it might be so to that of the voracious monster.

Delicate as your health undoubtedly must be, since the family physician certifies to that effect, Mr. TIDLER, you will be, of course, excessively robust and carnivorous the moment your foot touches the central Tom Tidler's ground held sacred to the interesting invalid. Indulge your appetite for eating, then. Go in for all the delicacies of the horse-marine boarding-house, the best sauce for which will be the reflection that had you, TOM TIDLER, gone soldiering like some wild, reckless young patriots you know of, you, like them, might now be living upon nothing better than the plain but wholesome viands yet furnished to the Federal soldiers.

Cultivate the society of the land-sharks and black-legs by whom the watering-places are frequented. You will find among them congenial spirits, Mr. TIDLER, whose creed is that all the world is Egypt and Faro king over it. There is a fascination in the company of such like that is very beneficial to both mind and body.

The greatest ordeal that you, my dear Mr. TIDLER, will have to go through at the Tidlerian retreat selected by you for your summer campaign, will be the "chaff" levelled at you by the ladies. These flippant, though charming persons have no compassion for the robust male invalid, whose warlike exploits are confined to the trenchers rather than to the trenches, and whose change of base is only from roast lamb and asparagus to *rognons sautés* and *petits pois*. There is not the least danger, of course, that your society will be sought by the fair syrens of the horse-marine boarding-house, Mr. TIDLER, but you will do well to avoid throwing yourself in their way, unless you have a particular desire to experience the sensations of a man made up into a parcel with gun flints and gimlets, and forwarded over a corduroy road in an express-wagon to some part of New-Jersey, in the dog-days.

Altogether, Mr. TIDLER, we fear that you are not going to have a lively time of it, this summer. You will be subject to such constant mortifications that your temper must give way under them, and you will have no resource left but the good old one of drink: unless, indeed, a better spirit than rye whiskey or brandy at twenty-five cents a drink comes over you, and induces you to up and fight for the Union even at the eleventh hour.

OUR VERMIN:

BY A NEWLY-ARRIVED EMIGRANT.

I.

As over the say
I tuk me way,
Me dhrames was one timptation
Of shrubs and trees
In all degrees
Of rurial vegetation;
Sweet flowers grew
Into me view
Wid goolden glory tinted,
And blossoms rose
Before me nose
Ambrosially scinted.

II.

But whin I put
Me wary fut
Ashore at Castle Garden,
For all the herrubs
That's there, and shrubs,
I wouldn't giv a farden;
The divil a tree
That I could see
Of life gave any token
But only stood
A ghost of wood,
Me ridicule provokin'.

III.

And from each twig
And lafe and sprig
Came dhroppin' down, by millions,
The wurrums black
That thim attack,
Obnoxious little villians!
That laves them dhry,
And bids good-bye
To each deluded victim,
And thinks no more
Of him, asthore,
As soon as they have picked him.

IV.

And that's the way,
I hear folks say,
Thim worse and bigger creepers,
The Copperheads
Invades the beds
Of onsuspectin' sleepers,
And, more than this,
Wid ugly hiss
Among the vardure squirrums,
And bites and stings,
And damage brings—
Bad luck to all such wurrums!

An Aspiration.

OUR CANNON, according to Report, have been Playing upon Vicksburgh for some time past. Let us hope that they will soon quit play and go in for work.

THE COPPERHEADS AT THE COOPER.

URIOSITY to behold the Peace Democrat on the rampage, induced us to bend our steps, on Wednesday evening last, to the venerable pile commonly called the Cooper Institute. Arrived in front of that masterpiece of architecture, its noble proportions for a moment awed us into a painful sense of our own insignificance, but a close inspection of the crowd quickly reassured us, inasmuch as we then saw reason to consider ourselves quite as good as anybody else there.

A person in the crowd—no great shakes of a person, either—stated in our hearing that the meeting was a Wood-Vallandigham Convention. Another person in the crowd—quite a shakes of a person, possibly a Shaker, even—characterized it as a Copper-Vallandigham Convention. Here, then, was a choice of materials, but, of the two, we preferred to accept the copper. Wood does not stand fire, but your Coppers may be as hot as ever you can make them, and yet you can always find something to cool them with.

The result of our observations of a Peace-Democrat crowd, however large a crowd it may be, is that there are very few peace-democrats in it. It consists, for the most part, of persons whose ardent desire is to bathe in human gore twice a day, and three times on Sundays, but who are restrained from indulging in that luxury by the fine moral feeling so characteristic of Wood and Copper constitutions. The persons composing the peace-democrat crowd on Wednesday evening were of the subdued-gory complexion, but they did not look exactly like Quakers, though.

There was a great din in the hall as we entered, in the midst of which a gentleman by the appropriate name of DINNINNY was introduced, and immediately commenced Dinninnyhammering away on the cheerful themes of bones that whiten battle-fields, life pulses that have ceased to throb in bosoms that once heaved to and fro on the billows of constitutional liberty, and a good deal more of that fine manly kind of sentiment which leads men to revel nightly in rifle-pits, and to plant the standard of their country with firm hands upon the pits of the stomachs of their country's foes.

As soon as Mr. DINNYNINNY—or NINNYDINNY, we are not sound upon the name—as soon as this orator had concluded his remarks, Dr. BRADFORD read the address of the Convention, which was in perfect unison with the sentiments of DINNINNYHINNY (hang it all! we can't get the hang of that name!) He also read the resolutions, the most remarkable fact concerning which was that out of thirty-one signatures appended to them there was only one conveying the name of SMITH.

A person named WOTTEN—Hon. ALFRED R. WOTTEN—now made a few brief but original remarks respecting life-blood, throbbing bosoms, and whitening bones. "I would rather lie for life in yonder fort," exclaimed Mr. WOTTEN, waving his hand wildly at the Cock Robin saloon, "than allow my tongue to be for a moment chained—ha—ah! cast me yon despot LINCOLN from the western-most pinnacle of the donjon-keep, I would his bel-lud!"

A scoundrel with whom we are unfortunately associated in literature, was unfeeling enough to characterize this as a very Wotten attempt at a speech.

FERNANDO WOOD next arose, and, in a loud voice, informed the audience that "PANDORA's box was now open." On this there was a great rush of peace-democrats toward the quarter at which Mr. WOOD was pointing his diamond-hilted bowie-knife, all evidently actuated by a desire to possess themselves of PANDORA's clothes and jewelry. On being informed, however, that the box in question was only a box of patent pills, they retired in disgust, and got up a box of their own in the vacant lot on which the ruined pump stands, hard by the moated grange at the bight of the Bowery.

Judge FLANDERS was now introduced, but was interrupted by Brigadier General RYNDERS, who "swore terribly" at "Flanders." Between RYNDERS and FLANDERS there immediately grew up a romantic friendship, however, as soon as ever the latter understood that the former, like himself, was a peace man, and always carried a brass four-pound howitzer in his trousers' pocket.

The irrepressible GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN next made his appearance. He said he was an ass, and came there to prove it; but, as nobody seemed inclined to combat his proposition, he slapped his hat down on his head with temper, and fell back into the crowd.

By-and-by one Mr. HELL FOWLER made a few rapid remarks about life-pulses, constitutional liberty, and whitening bones. A malicious person in the crowd sang out "Hooray for PHIL HOWLER!"—an anagrammatical liberty with his name which so disgusted the orator that he dried up and retired into private life, at once.

The speech of Judge MCCUNN contained several allusions to bloody war, whitening bones, life pulses that have ceased to throb, arbitrary arrests, Malakoffs of liberty, disastrous campaigns and satellites of the Administration. A finer jar of pickles than that furnished by the Judge has seldom been broached.

Other speeches were made by orators of less renown. They all contained original allusions to whitening bones, widowed orphans, bereaved hearth-stones, arbitrary grind-stones, life-pulses that have retired from the practice of throbbing, and the many crimes of Mr. LINCOLN, who was placed upon the records of the Convention as the greatest murderer and perjurer of modern times.

The meeting then broke out into prayer, after which the great throng broke up peaceably, each man administering a kick to the one immediately in front of him, as they filed sorrowfully away.

WHAT *IS* IN A NAME?

We clip the following from a daily paper rather celebrated for correctness:

"The prize-fighter, GEOGHEGAN, was very slightly injured in his recent combat."

This item is from another daily:

"It was evident that GEOGHAGEN did not fully display his powers."

A third has this intelligence:

"We learn that GEOGHEMAN is willing to meet his late antagonist again."

And this is from a sporting paper:

"We erred last week in saying that GEOMEHAGAN was born in this country."

Another weekly says:

"Undeniably, GEOGHAGHEN spars with great skill."

All these puzzle us, but a more obscure sheet outstrips the rest, thus:

"GOEGHN can do far better than than he done in N. Jersey."

After which, we can only advise Mr. GEOMEGHAGHEGAGHEN to send his card, legibly engraved, to all newspapers likely to notice his next pugilistic encounter.

Jury and Injury.

THERE is more salt than sugar in the following:

"A Salt Lake letter in the Chicago *Tribune* says the Grand Jury for the United States District Court adjourned without taking any action whatever in the matter of the arrest of Brigham Young for polygamy. The whole subject was entirely ignored, save as a matter of jest."

A "matter of jest," indeed! We don't see the fun of it. More than one dear friend of ours considers the fact of his having one wife anything but a "matter of jest," and here we have a Salt Lake jury making light over the misfortunes of poor old BRIGHAM YOUNG who is saddled (and bridled) with seventy-five.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

"Christopher North:" a Memorial of JOHN WILSON, *by his daughter*, Mrs. GORDON: *New-York*: W. J. WIDDLETON.

A VERY elegantly printed crown 8vo. volume, with a well executed steel portrait of the athletic Scotch man of letters.

Life of ANDREW JACKSON: *by* JAMES PARTON. *New-York:* MASON Brothers.

THIS book is a condensation of the three-volume biography of ANDREW JACKSON, published by Mr. PARTON in 1860. It is a credit to the publishers, as to type and general appearance, and contains a well-executed full-length portrait on steel, of the tough old President

Slaves of the Ring. Boston: T. O. H. P. BURNHAM. *New-York:* SHELDON & Co., 335 *Broadway*.

A NOVEL of English life, made up of the usual elements, which are well put together and wrought up with considerable skill.